

DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

a play in a half act
by
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Stage Players:

DIRECTOR
DIRECTOR's ASSISTANT (ASSISTANT)
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (P.A.)
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (A.D.)
SCRIPT GIRL (SCRIPTY)
CAMERAMAN

A lonely stage with a CAMERAMAN meticulously setting up his rig in the distance. A P.A. comes out and sets up a director's chair. It is missing the fabric for the seat and the back, so the P.A. walks to a box in the corner and takes out the last piece of the chair, the fabric. The P.A. walks back to the director's chair and attaches the fabric, now it is ready to sit in. The P.A. also affixes a drink holder, putting in a bottle of water. We hear some muffled argument in the background as the P.A. puts a table in place next to the director's chair and then gets a tall glass of milk and a plate of cookies and puts them on the table thoughtfully with napkins. A Director comes out with his Assistant who is holding the script. The Director drinks down his milk. He walks around the director's chair.

ASSISTANT

Is this that special chair you told me about, sir?

DIRECTOR

Yes, it is. But what the fuck is this?

(He refers to the fabric on the chair).

DIRECTOR

Did I say Green?

P.A.

Excuse me, sir?

DIRECTOR

Did I say green? Today is not a green day.

P.A.:

But you said Green, sir.

DIRECTOR

I may not always remember everything, I'm Vitamin D deficient, but what's your excuse?

P.A.

My dog died this morning sir. But I think you said green.

DIRECTOR

I know What? What's your name?

P.A.

It's...

DIRECTOR

I don't care, and NO! I said forest green (*turns to his Assistant*), did you hear me say green, did I say green or forest green?

ASSISTANT

I think you said forest green, sir.

DIRECTOR

(*Turns to P.A.*). And you got me... green.

P.A.

I perhaps didn't hear the word forest, sir.

DIRECTOR

Perhaps does not live on my set, I haven't even had a moment to think, and you're already ruining my day; tell me why I shouldn't send you home for good?

P.A

I can go change it, sir.

DIRECTOR

I've changed my mind, I want the blue moss today.

CAMERAMAN

Why don't you go for pink you know you want to.

DIRECTOR

Kowalski, you're fired, get off my set. You, find me a new cinematographer.

CAMERAMAN

What the..., are you serious?

DIRECTOR

Get off my movie, that's the last off color comment you'll ever make to me.

CAMERAMAN

I'm leaving! But I'm calling the ASC, Local 600, and my rep as soon as I walk outta here; they'll have you shut down before lunch time.

DIRECTOR

Fine! Stay then if you want to.

CAMERAMAN

Dickhead.

DIRECTOR

Asshole. (*To P.A.*). Why are you still standing here?

P.A.

Ummm...

DIRECTOR

Blue moss, do you know what color that is?

P.A.

Um, uh... a type of ...green?

DIRECTOR

Good, go get it for me so I can sit down in my chair!

(The DIRECTOR hands his ASSISTANT an empty glass of milk).

DIRECTOR

I am having such a bad day already.

ASSISTANT

Totally understandable, sir.

DIRECTOR

Can you go get me another glass of milk?

ASSISTANT

Where is my script girl?

(A script girl walks in with her bag and her own chair).

SCRIPTY

Right here, sir!

(She sets up her chair and puts down her things).

DIRECTOR

What color is your chair, is that blue?

SCRIPTY

Periwinkle, sir.

DIRECTOR

It looks like bl-ue.

(The P.A. comes back with a blue moss cover).

DIRECTOR

I've changed my mind; thinking canary now, yes, that will match your periwinkle.

P.A.

Yes, sir, I'll be right back.

(The Assistant Director Enters).

A.D.

Good morning, sir.

DIRECTOR

Tell me what's good about it?

A.D.

I thought the breakfast burrito was really good.

DIRECTOR

I missed out again! Damn it! So what are we doing first today?

A.D.

You wanted to do the scene where the...

DIRECTOR

Right, let's do that one.

ASSISTANT

Here you go, your milk, sir.

DIRECTOR

Great. *(Turns to A.D.)*. Green tea?

A.D.

Excuse me?

DIRECTOR

Green tea, would you like some green tea? This is a spring harvest of tips from the highlands of Assam.

A.D.

No, sir, thank you.

DIRECTOR

(To Assistant). Can you go get me some of my green tea, but hurry, get it before I finish my milk, 'cause I would like to add some of it to the tea.

(The P.A. comes back).

P.A.

I'm sorry, sir, I did not find canary, here are all the chair covers we have.

(The Director looks through it).

DIRECTOR

Well, we definitely had canary before.

P.A.

It wasn't in the box, sir.

(The Assistant walks away).

DIRECTOR

Okay, if canary is not available, we need an alternative, what do you think? *(To A.D.)*.

A.D.

Red goes with periwinkle, sir,

DIRECTOR

Okay, put on that blue one, and we'll be done with it.

(The P.A. puts the seat fabric on followed by the back).

DIRECTOR

What is wrong with this picture?

A.D.

That we're not shooting yet.

DIRECTOR

(To P.A.) I need you to take the back of that chair off, put on a temporary color we don't like, and go and get the rest of these embroidered.

P.A.

What?

DIRECTOR

What? What does it say on the back of this chair?

P.A.

Um, nothing?

DIRECTOR

Exactly! What should it say?

P.A.

Um, director?

DIRECTOR

Oh good! There's hope for you still.

(The Assistant returns).

ASSISTANT

Here is your green tea, sir.

DIRECTOR

Well, I already finished my milk. Can it possibly get worse, look at the back of the chair.
(To Assistant).

(The Assistant looks, expressing shock).

DIRECTOR

Am I the only one that notices anything around here? Anyway, I'm getting it embroidered. Or do you think silk screening is good enough?

ASSISTANT

Absolutely not, sir.

DIRECTOR

Me neither, embroidered it is! I guess we'll use that awful green one for the back today, you can embroider that one when the others are done.

P.A.

Yes, sir.

(He takes the blue one off and puts on the green one).

Do you have a font preference sir?

DIRECTOR

Courier, of course, no wait...Helvetica, yes...no...Trajan. Bold.

ASSISTANT

A wonderful choice, sir.

(The P.A. walks out again).

DIRECTOR

(To Assistant). Would you go get some gaff tape and write 'Director' on it and put it on the chair, wouldn't you, in the meanwhile?

ASSISTANT

Yes, sir. *(Walks out).*

(The Director takes the script the Assistant leaves and drops it on the ground, then walks in front of the chair rubbing his chin, expressing frustration at the two different colors of his chair, blue for the seat, green for the back).

DIRECTOR

You know I really can't stand when the drapes don't match the curtains. Do your drapes match your curtains?

SCRIPTY

No, sir, I'm a blonde actually.

(The A.D. swoops in, picks up his script and hands it to him).

A.D.

(Into his walkie-talkie). I really need to get this moving. What's the ETA?

DIRECTOR

Do you know why I dropped my script?

SCRIPTY

Weak fingers, my grandfather had that, but maybe in your case, I'd say, accident, sir?

DIRECTOR

No, there's no script bag on my chair! Do you know what a script bag is?

A.D.

Ooh. I got this. It's a satchel designed to affix to a director's chair, much like this director's chair, it is usually made of cloth or leather, and it is precisely engineered to just a tad bit larger than scripts which are standardized at 8.5 by 11 inches, as to ensure a tight secure fit. I'll have one for you right away. (*To walkie-talkie*). What happened to the director's script bag, well, find one....

SCRIPTY

Portabrace makes a nice waterproof one now out of Spandex, double stitched, my director on the last film had it.

DIRECTOR

The dolphin picture, it had a bigger budget than mine, but that's only because it wasn't on land. Scripty?

SCRIPTY

Yes...

DIRECTOR

Are you happy... with sitting on your blue chair?

SCRIPTY

Oh yes.

DIRECTOR

Are you sure, do you need a cushion?

SCRIPTY

I think I'm fine, sir.

(*The Assistant walks in, puts the gaff tape on the chair and writes 'DIRECTOR' with a marker*).

DIRECTOR

(*Looking at the chair*). My life is a disaster.

A.D.

Five minutes everyone, standby for rehearsal.

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry, sir.

(*The Director takes a sip of his tea and spits it out*).

DIRECTOR

Jesus, what kind of water is this?

ASSISTANT

It's from the craft table, sir.

DIRECTOR

You know what kind of water I like.

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking, sir. I'll get the micro-clustered vortex ozonated and alkalized sacred Native American spring water right away.

DIRECTOR

I like drinking anti-oxidants while I direct, is that so bad?

(The P.A. comes back with 8 different chair fabrics embroidered with the word 'DIRECTOR'.)

P.A.

Sir, you wouldn't believe what I had to do to get the rush service, but I got them.

DIRECTOR

It's about time, I was just going to fire you.

A.D.

We're one minute away from places.

DIRECTOR

This is perfect. Now, all I need is to clear the space.

(The Director takes out a sage bundle, lights it with a lighter and begins smudging everything).

A.D.

I had a hairy hippy girlfriend in Maui that did shit like this. She smelled like Patchouli and Gardenias. *(He breaks down emotionally)*. It was so perfect. Fuck me, where did I go wrong in my life? *(Into walkie-talkie)*. Get me my actors, people!

DIRECTOR

Scripty, before we shoot this movie, I need to tell you something.

SCRIPTY

Yes, sir?

DIRECTOR

I know you would never admit it, but it's okay to find me physically attractive.

SCRIPTY

That makes me relieved you say that, sir.

DIRECTOR

Will you run away to Cannes with me this year?

SCRIPTY

I would, but my husband is Sicilian Catholic and his family owns a gun store.

A.D.

(Into walkie-talkie). Actors into position.

DIRECTOR

There you all are. Where is my star?

A.D.

We're working on it.

(The Assistant takes a phone call).

DIRECTOR

(Addresses off-stage cast). Okay, well, I just want to say good morning to all of you and say you all look lovely, but your rehearsals were a bit weak. Do me a favor, and just, you know, exceed my expectations. Let's prepare with some warm up exercises. Enunciate after me, pa, pe, pe, po, pu. *(They go through the motions of the call and response).* Good. And now a yoga pose I find great for acting warm ups; Simha the Lion! Stick out your tongue, like this. Stick it way out good! Aaarrrrhhhh! Good. Now eyes, up, down, left to right, good, circles, other way, good.

ASSISTANT

Sir, you're not going to believe this, but its Mr.Spielberg, he just called, he knows you have his chair. He wants it back.

DIRECTOR

How did he find out I had it? *(He pumps his fists in the air).* S-T-E-V-E-N!
(He yells to the Cameraman who sits on a dolly next to his camera eating a sandwich)
It was you, Kowalski, wasn't it? It was. It was! Of course! It was you! You're mad you only get a day rate and no residuals like me. I know it was you Kowalski.

CAMERAMAN

Why don't you sit on an apple box, asshole?

P.A.

I'll go and get you a new director's chair, sir.

DIRECTOR

Fine, just don't give him any of my new embroidered covers. *(He pulls off the fabric).*

P.A.

Sir, if I may ask, what makes this director's chair so special?

DIRECTOR

No you may not ask. But I'll tell you anyway. It's made from wood of the offspring of the tree under which Siddhartha Buddha himself gained enlightenment. It's why Steven has all those Oscars.

P.A.

I think I saw another one on the truck that looked to be made of pine.

DIRECTOR

Sigh. It will have to do. I'll find a shaman to bless it, do you know of any?

P.A.

No sir.

DIRECTOR

Scripty?

SCRIPTY

I've got this cousin if you can bring the live chicken.

DIRECTOR

(Groveling) For the love of baby Jesus, why is everyone standing around? Where is my lead actress?

A.D.

We're having a problem. *(Into walkie-talkie)*. What do you mean she's not happy with her makeup, it's going to take me an hour to...

(The Director picks up one of the cookies and chews. With food in his mouth he manages to get out a sentence).

DIRECTOR

For the last time, what page are we on again?

SCRIPTY

One, sir!

A.D.

Okay! That's lunch, people!